Subject: Chat with Catalina Saldaña
From: "Catalina Saldaña" <cat.salda@gmail.com>
To: barriticus@gmail.com

Catalina: just got in
me: just strollin' into work whenever, eh?
Catalina: yes
me: me too
me: I'm fucking with a Nigerian scammer
Catalina: i know
me: trying to arrange for him to go to Lagos to pick up Western Union money that doesn't exist
Catalina: haha
Catalina: entertaining
me: they're trying the whole "Oh I'm a female in distress I need a life partner" thing
me: which works on some people; there was this awesome New Yorker article about this douchebag Christian psychologist who fell for it and ended up going to prison for embezzlement in trying to get rich/hook up with non-existent female
me: This one claims to be living in a refugee camp in Dakar, having fled Liberian civil war
me: I'm trying to explain to "her" that civil war ended 11 years ago
me: but that I will nonetheless send $4000 for her to help her family and come to New York to live with me
Catalina: if it were real i think shed prefer that refugee camp to that bathroom of yours
me: she'd be better off in the refugee camp
me: oh snap
Catalina: haha
Catalina: i wish my officemate was here
Catalina: i need amphetamines badly and i dont see psychiatrist until next week
Catalina: i might have to go get coffee
me: thankfully Straub finally came back with some opiate pill; I couldn't do any work yesterday due to withdrawals, which I didn't expect, thought I was totally off
Catalina: are you feeling better?
Catalina: carl got me naloxone
me: I had to shoot a bag yesterday, took pills just now, hoping to taper off over next day
Catalina: i finally collected a few things for you from here
Catalina: but unfortunately i wont see you until i get back from texas
Catalina: maybe i should mail them to you
me: thanks, but I need to get off anyway, Mirna will hassle me if I'm still using when we're living together
Catalina: ok
me: I've told her I quite like three times, which was true, actually

me: she has agreement with my mom to ensure I don't fall into my natural state of disrepair
Catalina: how sweet
me: yes, it's wonderful that my mom maintains a network of female spies
me: what are you doing in Texas again?
Catalina: visiting my family at our house
Catalina: both my sisters will be there
Catalina: and the baby
me: ah, yes, I remember now
me: baby viewing
me: the traditional viewing of the baby
Catalina: i like this baby
Catalina: she doesnt like me though
Catalina: she cries when i hold her
me: maybe she's upset over the knowledge of your inevitable separation
me: or maybe she doesn't like you
Catalina: i dont know how to held her very well i guess
Catalina: hold
Catalina: children love me though
Catalina: when i was drunk in florida at carls moms house i mostly hung out with this 5 year old girl who thought we were bffs
Catalina: she even talked to my mom on the phone
me: wow
me: one sec
me: whining foppery
me: nevermind
Catalina: are you talking about the important or prominent public figure that lives with you
me: yeah
me: whenever I make reference to foppery
Catalina: ok well coffee time, then about 5 minutes of work, then ill probably have a long lunch, then ill work out
me: have fun